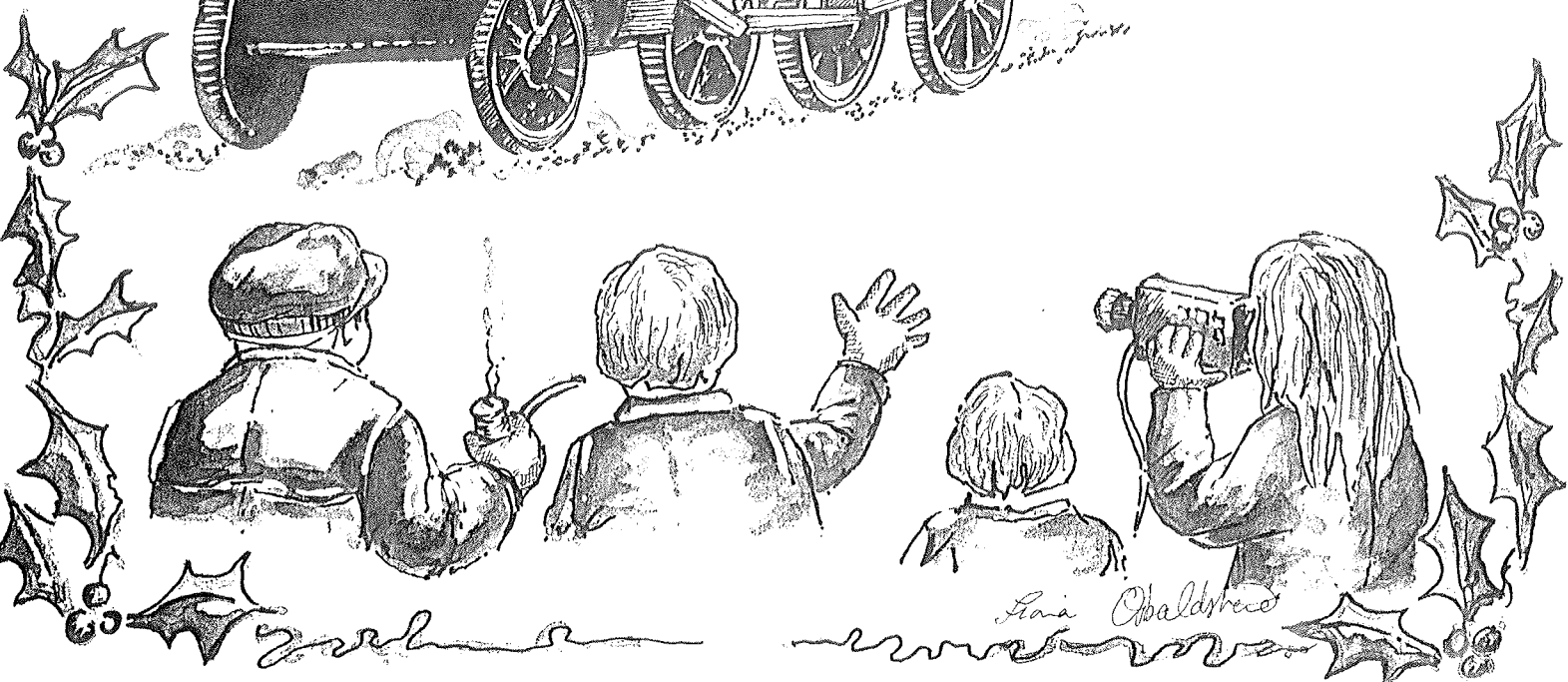
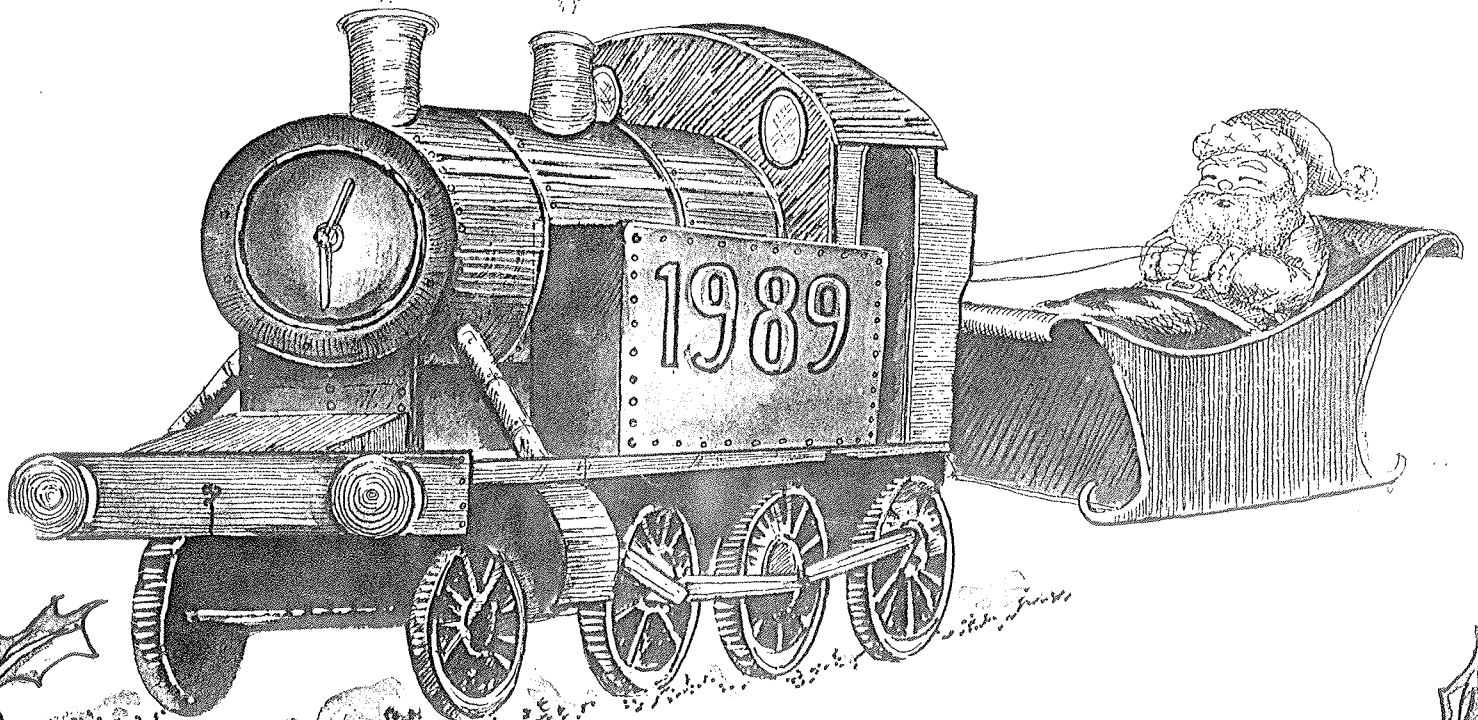


Maidstone Model Engineering Society

CHRISTMAS



Lina Oldsby

Richard's Ramblings

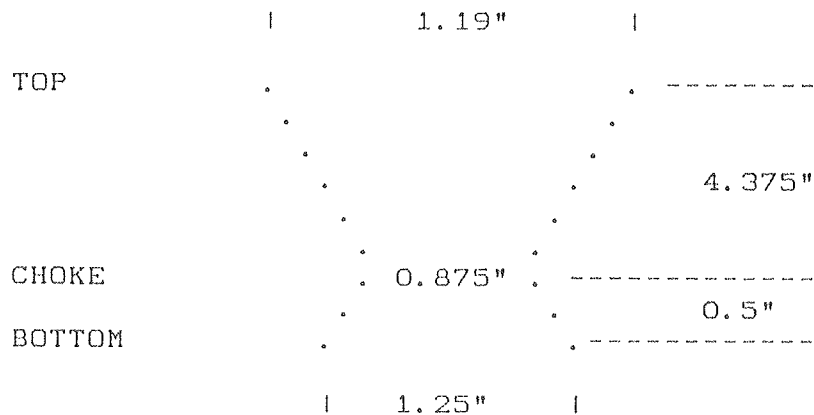
It must be nearly ten years since I last wrote an item for the news letter and I felt it was about time I put pen to paper again (or more accurately, finger to word processor). As my class 2 loco is entering its third season of running (still unfinished I hear one or two of you mutter) and a few people have been asking about various details of it I thought a few notes would be of interest.

The prototype locomotives were built by British Railways in the 1950s and were closely based on the Ivatt class 2 design for the L.M.S. constructed just after the second world war. They were built to replace various small, old designs that were being used on secondary lines with the aim of reducing running costs. They were very successful and ran high mileages between repairs. Unfortunately the introduction of diesel railcars and the closure of secondary and branch lines meant that many were scrapped after short lives.

My engine was started about 9 years ago after I was bought a G.A. drawing as a Christmas present. The design is produced by Don Young but I have altered a lot of the details. The horns are made from 2" x 1/2" bar with 1/8" renewable wearing faces and they reach all the way across between the frames. There is a 1/2" plate stay which runs from the smoke box saddle to the front of the firebox. This gives a very strong frame structure. I have used 'Oilite' bushes in the steel axleboxes as these have shown good resistance to wear on my Fathers 'Ajax'. The cylinders are of cast iron from my own patterns and both the cast iron pistons and stainless steel valves have Stuart Turner rings fitted. The cylinder lubrication is provided by a Jim Ewins type pump in a tank in front of the smokebox driven via a 50 tooth ratchet which moves 2 teeth per revolution of the driving wheels. I redesigned the valve gear to give a full gear travel of 17/32" and 0.005" lead. The engine links up quite well and can be driven with a full open regulator when working hard. The lead is much less than Don Young specified, but the overall performance seems to be quite good and the speed the engine can move at frightens me.

The boiler is of copper and silver soldered with the exception of the stays which are of bronze, threaded 2BA, screwed into the plates and nutted both sides with bronze nuts. They are sealed with Loctite 640 which was selected after consulting the Loctite technical department. This grade is suitable for use up to 175 C continuously and 200 C intermitently whereas most other grades are suitable for only 150 C. It is normally used with activator T to speed curing, but I did not do this as this as contact with copper speeds the curing of the Loctite anyway and I did not want to end up with my stays stuck halfway in. I have had a few small leaks, but several people I know have used this system for a number of years. The regulator is a vertical slide valve which is operated through the side of the barrel. The gland is made of PTFE and this gives a very smooth operation.

There are three 0.25" diameter spearhead radiant superheaters. The wet header is of brass, but the hot header is stainless and the steam pipes are connected to it with standard unions. The exhaust pipe is 15mm copper water pipe and the tee under the smokebox is a standard 'Conex' one fitted with PTFE olives. The blast nozzle is 9/32" diameter and is set low in the smokebox. The shape of the petticoat pipe is shown below:



The dimensions of the petticoat were worked out as follows:

1. The area of the choke is 5% (approximately) of the grate area.
2. The height from the choke to the top of the chimney is 5 times the choke diameter.
3. The upper section of the petticoat tapers out at 4 degrees (inclusive angle).
4. The height of the blast nozzle is set using a 1 in 6 template from the choke diameter.

How I arrived at this method is rather complicated, but it does seem to work quite well.

There are four methods of boiler feed, two injectors, a mechanical pump and a hand pump. The pumps have 'O' ring seals. The mechanical pump has two rams each 3/8" bore x 1/2" stroke. and feeds plenty of water. The injectors are 20 oz per minute size, but I find the problem with these is that they are too big and cannot be left on for long periods. I have used 'O' ring seats on all the clacks. If they are away from the boiler medium nitrile rings can be used, but Viton rings must be used for clacks directly on the boiler because of the temperature.

The engine has given me a lot of pleasure so far and I trying to complete it at the moment. However it is likely to be running again before it is painted and earning some money at Mote Park.

TWENTY ONE YEARS AGO

When I left school I started working with my Dad in the film industry. He was a camera man and I started as his assistant, this entailed a good bit of travelling around and the first of many trips abroad was two months in the West Indies. Even then my interest in things "ancient and mechanical" was strong so I was on the look out for interesting items. This article will I hope cover some of these finds plus other interesting experiences as best as I can recall. I should point out that steam had only just finished in Britain and it only needed a trip to France or Germany to find main line steam in full swing. This was also not a holiday, I only recall two days off in two months (those when the weather was too bad to film.)

Our trip started in a V.C.10 airliner from Heathrow, leaving a cold English winter of 1968 and arriving in a hot sticky Trinidad just over twenty four hours later. The Trinidad carnival was in full swing and all hotels booked so we stayed with friends of friends making contact with the films backers 'Cable and Wireless' the next day. Cable and Wireless run the inter-island phone and telecommunications, our promotional film consisted of arriving in an island, filming any local sights and then scrambling to the highest point on the island to find the inevitable 'tropospheric scatter' microwave dish run by Cable and Wireless.

Geographically Trinidad is divided between a very hilly north and a flat plain centre and south. A once extensive rail system ran east from Port of Spain across the island with a branch south, when I was there only a five odd mile stretch was open, all diesel hauled. After hearing tales of steam still in action my dad and I set off down the line in search, we did not find any working locos but we did find about ten American looking 4-6-0's abandoned in a siding. Closer examination revealed them to have come from nowhere more exotic than the North British loco works with their distinctive diamond makers plates. All these engines were throughly clapped out, all big end brasses off etc. There were two very British looking 2-4-2 tank engines, just like the Lancashire and Yorkshire locos. One had a termites nest running up a driving wheel, being inquisitive I removed a loose front cylinder cover to have a look, doubtless leaving the loco open to rust and termites. The railway has now closed completely and as far as I know the locos are still there. There is virtually no scrap value on an island where all scrap has to be exported, the road sides were littered with old cars etc. Talking of cars it was quite amusing to see an ordinary Morris Oxford embellished with sun visors, ariels, stars on the sides, three sets of chrome brake lights on the rear wings, 'knock on' hubs on the wheels and a chrome plated swan on the bonnet with plastic wings about two feet wide!

Most of the cars have some embellishments, but this did not extend as far as new tyres as these were quite often bald. This led to my dad depositing our hire car sedately in a storm drain on a slippery winding road. Fortunately he did not damage the chrome figure of Atlas fixed to the bonnet holding a plastic world in his arms which lit up when the lights were on.

One thing that I learned in Trinidad is that all the best steel bands have at least one member playing a brake drum with a short length of steel bar. I always felt an affinity with this member of the band, here was an instrument eminently suited to my musical abilities, I even saw one exponent obviously at the pinnical of his career playing a large cast iron clutch plate.

We paid several visits to Trinidad during our island hopping, it is a most lively and cosmopolitan island with large Indian, Chinese, and African communities mixed with the aftermath of Spanish, Dutch and British colonial rule- well worth a visit. We also spent a couple of days in Tobago, a much quieter and less populated island more reminiscent of Robinson Crusoe.

Our next port of call was Barbados, reached in a Viscount, an excellent little turbo prop airliner with oval windows. Barbados is usually considered the number one holiday destination, but I put it bottom of my list of islands. It is very flat and uninteresting being a coral rather than volcanic island though the beaches are good. The island speed limit was 30 m.p.h., 20 in the towns, so even the driving was boring. For me there were only two highlights, one was a cafe serving flying fish and chips the other was the screw dock in Bridgetown. Originally steam powered the dock consisted of a large electric motor at the head of the dock driving shafts down either side. Large barks of timber run across the dock and can be raised or lowered on long screw bars like lengths of studding driven by the shafts down the sides of the dock. The 'studding' can be engaged or disengaged at will so several ships can be worked on at one time without disturbing one another. Incidentally the tide is very small in these parts, between one and two feet. This combined with a constant temperature around eighty degrees summer and winter and a constant day length means that there are no real seasons to the year the way we know them.

We did have a trip in a small flying boat, filming beach hotels, unfortunately we circled round so much I felt really sick rather spoiling the trip.

Granada is quite hilly with lush tropical growth watered by the frequent rain clouds over the hills. We only spent a couple of days here but I recall one marvellous trip on a large sailing yacht. No travel sickness here, I spent some of the trip sitting on the bowsprit watching the bow cutting through the clear Caribbean sea. All the buses on the islands were built on lorry chassis, with locally built 'toastrack' type bodies. Some have the bus body removed and a lorry body put on when a banana boat was in for loading, an interesting parallel with the first Maidstone and District buses which did the same trick.

Antigua is flat and dry, the north of the island had supported sugar cane but was almost desert when I was there. A legacy of the cane industry was an extensive two foot railway system, running all over the island. I saw no trains but have since seen photos of derelict steam locos used on the line, I believe at least one has now been brought back to the U.K. Two things stick out in my memory about Antigua, first the power cuts, sharp at 8 p.m. every night, insufficient generating capacity and no national grid led to regular 'power shedding' by rotation round the island. The second was the test cricket pitch being rolled with a steam roller.

I should not leave Antigua without mentioning English harbour, imagine the old part of Chatham dockyard on the corner of a tropical island set round one of the best natural harbours in the Caribbean. An idyllic scene, with only a small grave-yard on the hill opposite as a reminder of harder times. Getting Nelson's men of war in and out of the harbour was quite an art before the days of steam, large bollards were placed round the harbour and ships were worked in and out by rope and windlass. When we were there the harbour was full of large yachts, mainly from the U.S.A. The affluent yacht owners were in stark contrast to the islanders who often bought up large families in tin shacks about the size of a small garage, looking as though you dare not lean against them for fear of pushing them over.

St Lucia was for me the best of all the islands, lush tropical vegetation combined with spectacular scenery. If I ever return to the West Indies this is the island I would head for. We stayed in an unusual hotel, the dining room was on a small pier over the sea. When the hotel washing machines were on spin the floor boards rattled about and soap suds floated out under the pier. I noticed that our map showed three extensive sugar plantation lines running up valleys from the coast. I was disappointed to see the lines apparently rusty and out of use, however I was wrong. The sugar cane had been replaced by bananas and this had changed the way the railway was used. Cultivated bananas are a peculiar plant, they grow to the size of a small tree, produce one large bunch of bananas nearly as big as the tree itself and then die, what is more they can take anything from six to eighteen months to achieve this. As there is no seasonal picking as such the entire rail system sees continuous light use, quite often hand propelled. The manager of one plantation I was talking to said they had three Ruston locomotives which he described as well past retirement age but still going strong.

We visited one of the Virgin Islands where the Transatlantic cable comes ashore, this was very picturesque but had little of interest apart from an amusing story told by the chief of the wireless station over a rum and coke on a hot tropical night. He was looking for casual work in Australia when he met a road gang in the pub.

'Can you drive a grader?' says the foreman.

'Yes' replies our host (wondering what a grader was.) It turned out to be a long vehicle with two wheels at the front, a scraper blade in the middle, and four wheels cab and engine at the rear. This is O.K. thinks our friend setting the blade for the camber of the road and driving off scraping one side. He reaches the end of his section, turns, resets the blade for the return journey and comes back only to find that the road now has two cambers going the same way and a six inch step down the middle! A hurried regrading puts matters to rights, but some six inches lower than the rest of the road. The foreman returns, took one look and told our host to -

'Git yer hat!'

Grader driving was not for him.

The step between the two sections of road is said to survive to this day, locals know it and slow down but it has claimed the spring of many an unwary traveller.

As there are no scheduled flights to this island we made the journey in a small twin engined charter plane, arriving back in Trinidad at dusk, pulling up right outside the terminal where the big jets usually park. The scene with the airport lights and a welcoming steel band playing is one of those magic moments to be remembered, however the magic soon evaporated when I had to start unloading dozens of cases of camera equipment.

I have left my description of Guyana to last as being on the South American mainland, bordered by Brazil and Venezuela, it has a very different feel to the islands. Originally Dutch the capital, Georgetown, is built below sea level, with many drainage ditches teeming with life. Just in case the drainage is not sufficient almost all the buildings are built like bungalows on stilts. The test match had filled up the only hotel in Georgetown so we stayed in one of these houses, it had a mosquito nest in the wardrobe, lizards on the walls, and a small green frog that lived in the loo. Just inland from the cultivated coastal plain Guyana is covered with tropical rain forest so wood is plentiful. Georgetown boasts the largest wooden building in the world, the cathedral. The town hall is also wooden, built in the gothic style like a small Glamis castle and painted bright blue. Amongst all this there was a standard gauge railway with steam locomotives. Seeing one loco at a distance we waited some ten minutes or so for it at a level crossing. Needless to say as soon as we abandoned our vigil and walked away it came to the crossing. It is my biggest regret of the trip that we did not get a better look at this loco as I now believe this to have been one of the baltic tank locos in use on this line. There were no baltic tanks left running in the U.K. in my 'spotting' days and even the rebuilt North Eastern express 4-6-4 managed to elude me on my visits to Kings Cross. As far as I know this line is now also closed.

We arrived in Georgetown on a Pan Am Boeing 707, in one of those long twilight periods you get travelling west in a jet at sunset. We descended through layer after layer of dark cloud, giving the uneasy feeling that the next layer may be something more solid than cloud. Our departure from Georgetown was very different, we were going 'up country' in one of Guyana Airways fleet of D.C.3's (Dacotas), a real 1930's twin engine, nose up, Busby Barclay 'Flying Down To Rio' type plane. These old stagers ideally suited to the short rough runways and heavy loads needed to keep things running in the interior.

Inside the Guyana Airways air terminal, a large tin hut, we found a large set of scales. First all the baggage was weighed, then all the people. Various sums were done on the back of an envelope, a few rolls of barbed wire removed from the plane and we bumped off down the runway, reaching the magic 70 m.p.h. we became airborne. Considering discretion to be the better part of valour I sat near the emergency exit, a big mistake as a terrible draft came through and nearly froze my arm. We buzzed along in and out of fluffy white clouds looking down on dense tropical jungle relieved only by the occasional river, well aware that a plane crashing into the jungle falls below the tree canopy and may be lost for months. Fortunately this scenario did not come to pass, the forest began to clear and we were in the grassy uplands landing in a 'village' consisting of one house which also served as general store, bar, etc. We were just eighty miles north of the equator and within sight of Brazil.

Here was the only item of industrial archeology seen up country, the skeletal remains of the first car in the area a late 1930's Morris Eight. When I was there MiniMokes and Landrovers were the order of the day, while we rode to our destination some ten miles or so in the back of quite a respectable small lorry.

I was not sure what we would find at the end of our journey, in the event we were visiting a true wild west ranch complete with long horn cattle, corals; etc. only the cowboys were indians, Amer-Indians that is, natives of South America riding barefoot with great skill. They also had pet tapirs not usually found in your average ranch, these animals were very tame, about the size of a large pig with a short elephantine trunk. The only disadvantage of these pets is that being black they are a danger at night where they can present a large unseen obstacle.

The ranch was run by an old gent who had started up country in 1928, cutting down trees to make the buildings and furniture still in use when we were there. We passed the saw pits used to cut tree trunks into planks by hand, one man above and one below on a long saw. The rivers in this area are full of pir'anahs 'dont worry' said the old gent 'I have been swimming in the rivers for forty years and have only one set of teethmarks from pir'anahs' I thought one was one to many ! Worse than pir'anahs were the 'no see bugs', tiny flies the size of a pin head but still able to give a nasty bite.

After a couple of days we were due to leave, we arrived at the airfield (an ordinary field with half a dozen oil drums and a spare aircraft tyre) and waited. Sure enough after half an hour the old faithful D.C.3 appeared, 'buzzed' the airfield to scare away the grazing cattle and landed. We climbed aboard the empty aircraft for the short hop to our original landing place, in the general store we met an old Englishman dressed like Lord Baden-Powell, shorts, hat the lot. After buying him a beer we were a little disconcerted to find that he was the pilot! A little later we returned to the plane only to find it full of Amer Indians, one of whom had also been in the bar rather too long. He staggered about the plane eventually wandering into the pilots cabin, after a few seconds he came out and sat quietly for the rest of the trip. After landing we asked the pilot how he had dealt with the situation, 'Easy' he said 'I just got out my gun and told him to sit down'.

I never saw the film we made, and I have no photos so these memories are all I have. It only remains for me to tell you the story of Geoff Boycott and Sherlock Holmes. One hot day we were filming the test match in Trinidad, after a couple of hours in the hot sun I was sent off in search of drinks. I was just about to walk in front of a pink pebbledash wall when I was grabbed firmly by a large policeman. The wall was a sidescreen giving the batsmen a clear view of the ball and I was about to disrupt the play. To add to my embarrassment this all took place right outside the players pavillion just a couple of feet from where Geoff Boycott was sitting. 'Where do you think you are going Sherlock Holmes?' he said loudly. This last remark will appear a little less strangewhen I tell you that in order to obtain some protection from the sun I was wearing a 'Deer Stalker' hat!

Andy Probyn.

A TENDER FOOT AT MOTE PARK

WITH APOLOGIES TO ROALD DAHL

BY EDWARD RYE.

When at school they said to me,
"What would you really like to be?"
My answer came out swift and pat
"An engine driver - I'd like that."

Well any lad would say the same
Cos other jobs seemed very tame
The only driving I recall
I drove my parents up the wall!

Years later to Mote Park I went
Older, wiser, grey and bent
Oil and coal and steam and grime
My heart shouted "This is fine!"

I signed the papers, paid my fee
There really was no holding me
I couldn't wait to take my place
As top link driver - watch this space!

But these thoughts were all in vain
I never got near any train
James Watts kettle sold me a pup
By making tea and washing up!

The signs I planted in neat rows
Reluctant trolleys smashed by toes
I watered locos, fetched the coal,
Splashed oil on drivers - very droll!

I loaded kids and dads and mums
Mums were always full of fun
When told "Leg over" with a grin
They'd say, "Oh blimey - hark at him!"

And when at last I got my turn
I fell off! Cheeks and seat did burn
And later, when a coupling broke
My loco left me - wreathed in smoke.

I chased it, panting, up the track
Cheers greeted me when I got back
My belt had also come unfixed
Long johns and steam will never mix!

A lady cried, "Well, what a sight,
It gave my granny quite a fright."
Gran said, "Stephenson preferred a topper
'im and his Rocket did things proper."

But you will say "Why does he stay
He surely wont be back, hurray."
So one thing I must make quite clear
I will be back, with friends, next year.

SUE'S SPOT

Hallo everyone,

It's that time of year again when everyone is meant to be jolly (bah humbug!). Yes, it's Christmas and you'd rather be in the workshop than be writing Christmas cards/wrapping presents/entertaining relatives/feeling too lazy because you've eaten too much or incapable because you've drunk too much.....delete where applicable. Never mind, you enjoy it all really.

Firstly, I would like to thank Fiona Osbaldstone, David and Anne's daughter for doing us such a super cover. Thanks also to Richard Linkins, Jack Payne, Andy Probyn and Edward Rye for their contributions to this issue.

LOOK BACK OVER 1989

The day which figures most prominently is our Open Day and 60th anniversary which took place on Saturday August 5th. The day dawned bright and we dawned early to get every thing in place on time. A fair number of members turned up on the Friday night for the cleaning and tidying up session (tidying up mainly meaning redistribution) which was a great help. The marquee was put up, the tables turned up and we had so many models to display most of our members had their models outside. Romney brought some of their models to display which were in the marquee (thanks lads) and what an impressive turnout there was from all our members. Meanwhile, as the men were arranging the outside, the women got cracking on the inside with the culinary delights of the day with a variety of Ploughmans lunches, sandwiches, assorted yummy cakes and an everlasting supply of hot and cold drinks for the visitors.

I have to say that pride of place in amongst all the food stood THE cake, mixed, baked and iced in intricate detail by our Chairman Adrian Gurr (alright, I know he's my husband, but all those who saw and tasted it will no doubt agree how good it was). Must also thank the Catering Sub committee at this point of Adrian "mind my cake" Gurr, Peter "Can we burn it" Roots, Martin "Did you say sausages" Parham, Bob "Tea Rota" Hodgkins, Roger and Sheila "Safeways Shoppers" Chessman for their early participation on the food front organisation. Obviously all those who took part in any shape or form in helping either catering, cleaning or providing a model to display deserve a big thank you also.

Ted Joliffe of the "Model Engineer" arrived and kindly did the honours in cutting the cake (who said we had to use the drilling machine to get through?!), we all drank to the health of the Club - God bless her and all who steam in her. The sun shone all day (as it does on the righteous!) and not surprisingly there was a heavier demand on the cold drinks than there was the faithful tea urn. A quick dash to the local shop ensured we did not run out of squash and lemonade. More than thirty visiting locos had the opportunity of a nice long run (unlike visiting Beech - one track I could mention) and a pretty good time was had by all.

As I said in the last issue, undoubtedly the best Open Day we have ever had. I have put a display of pictures taken on the Pictureboard in the Clubhouse where it will stay for several months and the write up is in the November 3 - 16 1989 issue of the Model Engineer. Speaking of the Model Engineer, I trust that you have all rushed out and bought the Christmas edition - the reason will become evident as you pick it up!

SUE'S SPOT CONTINUED

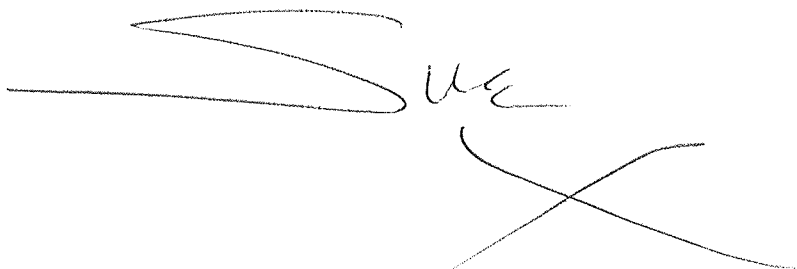
As well as our sixtieth anniversary occurring in 1989, it was also one of the driest and best summers weatherwise on record. We had a charity run in early June and raised £90 for the Cheshire Homes and Cancer Charities. Our celebration dinner on the Kent and East Sussex Railway in October was a lovely evening - good grub, good company and a good time had by all. It was with some reluctance that I dragged myself away from the footplate to the restaurant car but the meal was excellent as was the service. The only problem with going at that time of year is that you do not really see any scenery because it is so dark!

The year seems to have sped by (perhaps it's a sign that I'm getting old!). One of the weekends I most enjoyed was spent at the National Locomotive Rally held at Birmingham in September. The weather was not at its best being mostly overcast and cool, but the facilities were good (the vase full of flowers in the Ladies was a nice touch!), the members friendly and how nice to find a well organised event (can I stay on the track longer next time lads?!). The Maidstone contingent consisted of me and his nibs, Pete K, Bernard W, Martin and Tommy (who wanted rides on big red engines and wants to build a Double Fairlie when he's bigger - but daddy will have to help) plus respective locos. I was in charge of catering and driving (as in "give us a drive or you wont get any dinner"). Pete was first on the track early Saturday morning and as well as running in daylight we had a run on the Saturday night, thunder lurking in the distance. Bernard took a minor tumble in the station - I can't remember what he said, but I probably couldn't print it anyway. No real damage done fortunately, and no further mishaps. There were over 80 visiting engines that weekend of all sorts. Alas we had to depart on the Sunday afternoon, the weather still no brighter. Still, I hope to go back again sometime.

A lot of work was done during 1989 painting and sprucing up the track and our buildings for the Open Day and thanks to those who have taken time and energy to assist. These works are still continuing and will do so all through next year. There is still guard rail painting to do, we are currently replacing the wood fascia boards in the station and work continues in building supports to the beams round the track. Also we are currently engaged in obtaining materials so that we can replace the fence at the back of the compound which has been tatty for so long. So there is always something for you to do, weather permitting, if you come down on a Sunday morning, and if you do not wish to work then you are welcome just to come along for a cup of tea. We tend to pack up mid afternoon though, so don't leave it too late if you're coming!

Well, I'm running out of things to say. On into the next decade then. I suppose I could have reviewed the past ten years, but maybe someone might like to do that for me in the next issue (subtle hint). I'll have a word with the Chairman perhaps. So, in my usual fashion, let me say,

Have a very merry Christmas, and a happy new year and an even better decade!



\$\$\$\$\$\$ CLUB TREK : THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF THE L.N.E.R. ENTERPRISE
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ကြိုကြိုကြိုကြိုကြို

SSSSSSSSS Steam Date 12:9:89 Destination Mold, North Wales

This was a lone voyage for the Enterprise, i.e. we were the only Maidstone locomotive visiting - come to think about it, we were the only loco visiting! Staying with Jack and Joy's daughter Julie near Chester, we decided to visit her local track. We had Enterprise with us having proceeded at warp factor one from Birmingham the previous weekend (see Sue's Spot). Mold is also the Club of Maidstone members Mike and Joan Winwood who moved to near LLangollen some years ago. We beamed our way over to the Mold track on the Tuesday evening, their weekly club night. The track is set amongst woodland in a college, a bit off the beaten track, so they do suffer a lack of passengers at weekends, but it is a pleasant leafy setting.

We were the only engine in steam, as the Mold members had turned up to have a working evening, and we somewhat put them off this idea! It was a misty night as dusk fell and we enjoyed steaming through the trees and plants and showing what the Enterprise could pull, encouraging all the members present to come round with us. We had, however, a driving trolley with no brakes, and the approach to the station is decidedly downhill. Therefore on our last lap with at least a dozen on board it was all hands on deck - or rather all feet to the ground as we hurtled towards the station - it must have been quite a sight, but we stopped in the station as required! Then it was time to drop the fire and clean Enterprise up, ready for next time, and head for our lodgings. Thanks, Mold for your hospitality. We transported home safely.

More adventures in the next decade

Mrs Gladys Ransley has kindly donated to the Club a part built set of articulated trolleys constructed by her late husband Ray.

We wish to convert these to two single trolleys which could still be linked to form a double trolley. We therefore need an extra bogie to be constructed.

Will anyone help us by taking on this task?
If anyone is interested, please contact Peter Kingsford who has taken charge of the project.

Thank you.

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1989 - 1990

Tuesday December 26th	: Boxing Day Run
Sunday December 31st	: New Years Eve Run
Friday January 5th	: Bits 'n' Odds 'n' Whatever Evening
Friday February 2nd	: Video Night
Friday March 2nd	: Annual General Meeting
Sunday March 25th	: First Public run of the season
Friday April 6th	: An evening with George Barlow
Sunday April 15th	: Easter Sunday

Now a quick rundown on the above events. The Boxing Day Run; Clubhouse open from 11 o'clock, bring your leftovers and spread some good cheer down at the Clubhouse and round the track. New Year's Eve run; for those who cannot escape for Boxing Day and those who just fancy a steam up. January Club Night; bring what you like, I might even bring the Trivial Pursuits for those who feel like a game of general knowledge. Video Night in February; do let us know if you have some video that you feel everyone else might like to see and we will try and include it in the show. The first Friday in March heralds the Annual General Meeting at 7.30 at the Clubhouse. Try not to be late or you'll miss it! We start running for the public the day the clocks go forward (according to my diary) Sunday March 25th; also Mothers Day. April Club Evening we look forward to George Barlow entertaining us. I mention Easter Sunday on April 15th as Jack says it is the 40th anniversary of when we started public running in the Park - I thought this was an excellent reason for another beano but not everyone agreed with me so we shall just remember it with sobriety. So there you have it, the next newsletter will cover the period spring into summer 1990.

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We welcome Drummond Randall from Biddenden to the fold. Company Director, he is already known to some of us through his open days at home where he has a 104" track in the garden (yes, he has let me have a drive). Also on the December Club night held recently he was our guest speaker talking on how his track came into being. So now you know who I mean!

[illegible]

CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR NEXT NEWSLETTER IS SUNDAY APRIL 1ST
PLEASE REMEMBER TO WRITE ME ONE!